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# GARRISON IN HEAVEN.

*A DREAM.*

BY

WILLIAM DENTON,

AUTHOR OF "OUR PLANET," "THE SOUL OF THINGS," "IS DARWIN  
RIGHT?" ETC.



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# GARRISON IN HEAVEN.

## A DREAM.

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THERE are few persons in the United States who have not heard of freedom's champion, William Lloyd Garrison. The slaveholder heard of him, and trembled with rage as he cursed him; while the negro waiter behind his chair secretly blessed him. Every orthodox minister in the land knew of him, and nearly all of them banned him; for, said they, "He disturbs the church;" while the politicians with loud oaths denounced him as a disturber of the State. Whatever disturbed humanity, Garrison wished to disturb; and whatever he believed would assist humanity he was ready to help. The God, the Bible, and the Constitution that upheld slavery, were idols to him which it was the duty of a true man to dethrone, though all Christendom was on its knees before them. Claimed now by Christians as a true believer, because they think his life will add lustre to their waning cause, he had as little faith in the divinity of the Bible as had Thomas Paine: yet the man probably never lived who was more thoroughly and practically religious; and, compared with him, Jesus the Jewish reformer was narrow and selfish.

Jesus was a Jew; and a Jew to him was a God's favorite, to be specially cared for. "Go not into the way of the Gentiles," is his command when he sends out his



disciples to preach. Even the Samaritans were apparently too heretical to be the objects of his bounty; and he says, "Into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not." Garrison's benevolence knew no boundaries: color and creed were alike unnoticed by him when he saw the man in bonds behind them. Jesus was continually anxious that people should believe on him. In substance this is the burden of his cry, "Heaven is his who believes on me; and hell is for him who rejects me." Garrison seemed to lose all sense of himself in his zeal for the bondman. "Think what you please of me, but let the slave go free." This represents the spirit of his whole public life. Jesus found slavery in Judæa, and, as far as we can tell, never said a word directly in opposition to it: Garrison never felt free while a slave was bound, and gave his life for their welfare. He was as much higher than Jesus as the steeples are higher than the churches. New England, to the slave, had a better climate than Florida, because his home was in it; and Boston is sacred forever, because here he lived and worked. With his earthly career all are familiar: it is of his career since he left the earth that I wish more particularly to treat.

I am a great dreamer. I cannot sleep, even for a moment, without dreaming; and, although my dreams are generally composed of incongruous and unmeaning stuff, some of them are, I think, worthy of notice. Of this character is the one I am going to tell you.

In my dream I stood by the bedside of the dying Garrison, and watched his spirit as it ebbed and flowed, like the pulsing tide, in its efforts to free itself from the no longer needed body; and saw the smile of satisfaction, alternating with a look of regret, as he felt the freedom of his new existence, and saw the sorrow of the survivors.



Many were the objects of interest that detained him in Boston, and near his dearest friends. He attended the funeral, and heard the eloquent oration of Phillips; and, having learned to move with readiness at will, he visited the South, and left his blessing in many a negro's hut. In Kansas he looked with interest upon the dusky Southern emigrants, who, in pursuit of their full liberty as citizens, had braved the fury of the northern storms. I followed him to Hayti, to England, to Liberia, and then to Cuba, and saw him rejoice as he beheld the promise of a free world.

At length his spirit, by superior attraction, was drawn up, up, till heaven in its transcendent beauty appeared before him; its mansions towering like lofty mountain-peaks of inconceivable height, their crystal windows reflecting light as though they were setting suns. He seemed in no hurry to enter, but stood and admired the shining towers and glittering domes, the polished jasper wall stretching away till it seemed but a line, the rainbow-hued foundations of precious stones, but, most of all, the magnificent gates, two hundred and sixty-four feet high, and each made of a single pearl,<sup>1</sup> that shone with all the colors and all the brightness of a gorgeous sunset sky.

At last I saw him apply for admission where sat Peter with the key at his girdle.

“What is thy name?” asked Peter.

“William Lloyd Garrison,” said he in a manly way.

“I have heard of thee,” said Peter; “and, if thou hadst applied but yesterday, there would have been no admittance for thee. But we have just received advices from the Methodist preachers' meeting in Boston, and read the laudatory resolutions passed in thy honor, and

<sup>1</sup> Rev xxi. 17-21.

thou art admitted." And, turning to an angel who stood near, he said, —

"Guide, show him the place, and give him any information that he may desire."

Not a word said Garrison. He seemed overpowered by a sense of the peculiarity of his situation, and was disposed, I thought, for a time to let matters take their own course.

Accompanied by the guide, he now moved through the gold-paved streets of the city of God. He looked up at the mansions, story above story, till, as his eyes ascended to the fifteen-hundred-mile heights,<sup>1</sup> I could see they were strained by the effort, and he said, —

"How the people ever climb to those upper stories I cannot imagine: it is as much as I can do to look up there."

"We have ready means for ascending," said the guide, "as you will see by and by."

On they went, part of the way along the banks of the River of Life, of whose water Garrison drank most heartily; and then he ate of the fruit of the Tree of Life, which grew on its banks, and this he seemed to relish. And I noticed, that, as fast as the fruit was picked, new fruit made its appearance upon the branches. At times they walked as an ordinary man would walk: at other times, when they wished to move rapidly, impelled by will, they went with a velocity that could outspeed the wind, — through extended streets and splendid avenues, across beautiful parks, past magnificent temples, meeting and passing on the way millions of persons, into whose

<sup>1</sup> "And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth: and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal." — REV. xxi. 16.

faces Garrison looked with what I thought to be considerable anxiety. At last they came near the heart of the city, to the shore of the beautiful lake, which the guide called the Sea of Glass. But I found that the light reflected from the mirror-like bosom of this sea was painful to eyes unaccustomed to its peculiarities. Here were vessels that seemed to be made of pearl, constantly going out across the sea, and returning, without sails, or any visible propelling power, yet moving with very great velocity. They stepped into one, and in less than an hour they were on the farther side. Here Garrison found himself before the throne of God, though still at a distance of several miles. It was some time before his eyes could become accustomed to the excessive light; for it was more brilliant than a hundred aggregated suns. Music such as mortal ears have never heard made the air delicious for the spirit to breathe. It overcame Garrison, so that he had to sit down for a while to recover his captive senses.

From where they sat no man could see with distinctness what was immediately around the throne; but Garrison was delighted to find that his eyes were telescopic, and he could see very near to it four strange beasts,<sup>1</sup> that no scientist might name. One of them was like a lion; another resembled a calf; the body of a third was as beastly as any, but he had the face of a man; and the fourth was like an eagle. They had each three pairs of wings, which they used as fans; and, what was strangest of all, they were full of eyes before and behind. With voices more shrill than the steam-whistle of a locomotive, they cried out every few minutes in concert, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Rev. iv. 6.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. iv. 8.

Next to the beasts sat twenty-four elders, clothed in white, with crowns of gold upon their heads; and next to them were one hundred and forty-four thousand men, whom the guide called virgin-shakers, "for," said he, "they never defiled themselves with women."<sup>1</sup>

Outside of that circle were "ten thousand times ten thousand" angels, all in white; who, when the beasts had ceased, sang, and played upon golden harps, and made most melodious music, that could be heard a hundred miles away.

Above the throne was a gorgeous rainbow;<sup>2</sup> yet nothing could be seen to produce it, and at this Garrison wondered. The guide, however, remarked that it was but a trifle, and that he would see infinitely more wonderful things before he had gone the round of the Celestial City. From the throne proceeded at times vivid flashes of lightning and heaven-shaking thunders,<sup>3</sup> that made even the harps tremble in the hands of the players; and then dense clouds of smoke, so that the throne looked for a while like a volcano. I heard Garrison ask the meaning of this; and he was told that this occurred when He who sat upon the throne was particularly angry, "and is not a very unusual occurrence, either," the guide added.

"But does he sit upon the throne all the time?" inquired Garrison: "if he does, I think he may be excused for being occasionally out of humor."

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "Do you see those seven lamps before the throne?"

"I do," said William.

"Well, those are the seven spirits of God. Seven, you know, is a sacred number. God rested on the seventh day: there are seven churches and seven golden candle-

<sup>1</sup> Rev. xiv. 4.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. iv. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Rev. iv. 5.

sticks. You read in the Bible of the seven angels, seven seals, seven plagues, seven vials; and all these are emblematic of the seven spirits of God, who take turns in sitting upon the throne and representing him, each one occupying the throne for about four hours at a time. Otherwise, not even a God could stand the continual music of the ascended saints, and the prayers of the unascended saints, forever rising."

"Well, William, what do you think of the place?" inquired the guide after a pause.

"It is very beautiful," said Garrison; "there is no denying that. And the music, too, is very fine, though I dislike those beastly noises; but I do not see a single familiar face, and the most of those that I do see are far from being interesting. We have met millions since we started, and I have peered into every countenance; but except a few Boston divines, who—excuse me—are, I think, little credit to the place, I have not seen a face that I ever saw before. These magnificent buildings, and golden streets, and crowns and harps, may be all very well; but it will take something more than these to make heaven for me."

"Oh! you will make new acquaintances, and be very much at home by and by," I heard the guide say. "Here, take this harp, and join in the song of the redeemed."

"I would give a thousand harps for the sight of a friendly face," said Garrison; and I marked the disconsolate look that clouded his noble countenance.

"What friends had you?" asked the guide.

"Well, George Thompson, who left us a little while ago. Where is he?"

“I think I know whom you mean,” was the reply. “He was a Spiritualist, was he not?”

“He was,” answered Garrison.

“I know him,” the guide continued; “once a true believer. But he became a pestilent heretic, a companion of infidels, and this is no place for such as he.”

“Where is he, then?” inquired Garrison.

“There are but two places for departed spirits,” was the answer. “He believed not in the Lord Jesus as a divine Saviour; and he has gone with those that believe and love a lie, and where the fire is never quenched.”

“George Thompson in hell?” exclaimed Garrison. “Then I am certainly in the wrong place.” Sadder than ever grew his face; and he said, “I wish you would show me where Theodore Parker’s mansion is.”

“Theodore Parker has no mansion here,” said the guide. “I remember his name well. We had prayers from the saints of Boston, that came up like a cloud, for God to stop his mouth, to put a hook in his jaws, and cut short his career; and as soon as he appeared, which was not long, we hurried him off.”

“Where? tell me where!” Garrison excitedly said.

“To hell, of course,” replied the guide.

When Garrison heard this, his patience was exhausted, and he said, “I wish, then, you would hurry me there too; for I would rather be in hell with Parker than in heaven with any of the company I have seen yet.”

“Hush, hush!” said the guide. “You will feel very differently after a while. I had some such feelings when I first came to this place, and found that my wife and more than half my children were in hell: but I have become perfectly reconciled to it; it is the natural effect of the climate of this place.”



“God forbid that I should ever become reconciled to any such thing!” and as Garrison said this, he knit his brows, and I could see a stern resolve springing up in his benevolent soul. Then turning to the guide, he said, “I wish I could have a talk with my old friend Henry C. Wright, who was a hero in the antislavery cause when Christian ministers were cowards, almost to a man. He must be here.”

“There is no Henry C. Wright in this place,” the guide replied. “Henry C. Wright was an infidel. He once wrote a pamphlet against the Bible. He was a despiser of the blood of the everlasting covenant, a wicked reviler of Jehovah; and his portion is with the unbelievers.”

“Henry C. Wright and Parker and Thompson all in hell!” cried Garrison. “Let me go there too. I can never be happy in this place while they are in misery: that is impossible.”

“I then saw—for in my dream I could read his thoughts—that he was thinking who there could be in heaven that he would care to see; and his mind at last rested upon Washington. “I had no great affection for him when on earth,” he said to himself; “but it seems to me now that a sight of his calm face, and a few words exchanged with him, would really do me good. Where is Washington?” he inquired.

“We have several persons of that name here,” was the answer. “Which of them is it about whom you inquire?”

“George Washington, the first President of the United States,” was Garrison’s reply. “Heaven would hardly be heaven to Americans, if he were absent.”

“We recognize no earthly boundaries here,” the guide



said, "and we have no special sympathy with republics George Washington has gone where the rebels go." [Garrison shuddered.] "Do you not know that 'the powers that be are ordained of God,' and he that 'resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation'?"<sup>1</sup> Washington resisted that power, and he has his reward. We have had one rebellion in heaven, and we do not want another. Besides that, Washington was at heart as great an unbeliever as Voltaire. His craft availed him on the earth, but here it is powerless."

"I suppose, then," said Garrison, "that Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, and Thomas Paine, those grand Revolutionary heroes, are all there with Washington too."

"Certainly!" and the guide smiled as he said it "What would be the use of hell, if such men as these were not put there? They were all infidels, openly or at heart, and trampled upon God's divine word; and now they reap as they sowed. If you would like to see those men you have been talking about, I can show them to you." And he took him to one side of the city, where there was a magnificent silver stairway, extending to the top of the city wall. The wall was about a quarter of a mile broad, and on the outer edge was a sort of balcony from which could be obtained a magnificent prospect of hell. Here many of the saints were walking, and enjoying the view. "Whenever any one becomes at all dissatisfied with our place," said the guide, "we bring him up here, and give him a sight of the other place, which is generally all that is needed to make him perfectly content."

By this time they had arrived at the very brink, and Garrison with protruding eyes was staring into the in-

<sup>1</sup> Rom. xiii. 1, 2.

fernal pit. It was a sight to chill the soul. It appeared like an immense volcanic crater, over whose boiling surface hovered blue flames, and smoke ascended continually. To an earthly eye, no being the size of a man could be discerned; but angel eyes could distinguish the forms of the lost as they sank and rose in what appeared like a boiling caldron; while the wail of the damned, louder than the roar of a tornado, made even the wall of heaven tremble to its foundation.

“Look closely,” said the guide, “and you will see some of the men of whom you have been inquiring;” and in my dream it seemed as if my sight and hearing were keener as an angel’s, and I could discern Thompson, Parker, and Wright, Jefferson, Paine, and Franklin, as with imploring faces they looked up from that fiery sea of agony, and I heard the words, —

“How long, O Lord! how long?”

Then arose a sound, hollow and penetrating, that echoed from the caverns of the damned, and it said, —

“Forever and forever: my eternal wrath is the fuel, and the fire can never be quenched.”

Louder rose the wail of the lost, so that it made even the guide shudder, and he wished to go. But Garrison stood as if rooted to the spot, with staring eyes looking into the den of woe. And to my horror, as I looked also, I saw Agassiz and Humboldt: there was no mistaking their well-marked countenances. Garrison did not seem to know Humboldt; but with Agassiz he was well acquainted.

“Good God!” said he to the guide, “what had Agassiz done, that he should be there? Heaven cannot afford to lose such a man as he.”

“He is not there so much on account of what he had

done," the guide replied, "as on account of what he had left undone. Such men as Agassiz are too proud of their scientific attainments to humble themselves, and become beggars at the foot of the cross. Agassiz not only failed to accept the only terms by which a sinner can be saved, but he also denied the existence of Adam; and he who does that, denies the necessity of the Saviour, and turns his back upon the only friend a man can have between earth and hell. Science is, next to Satan, the deadly foe of heaven; and where that flourishes revivals languish, and scoffers abound."

As they stood talking, lo! I saw that some one in hell had recognized Garrison's face; and quickly the news was conveyed from one to another, till the sunshine of hope rolled back the clouds of darkness from the face of the infernal pit, and I heard the lost souls say to one another, "If Garrison is in heaven, there is hope for us yet."

"Is there no way," said Garrison, as they retraced their steps, "by which these poor souls can be saved? I would willingly give myself to save them."

"Such feelings as yours are manifest in some when they first come here, before they have become thoroughly imbued with a heavenly spirit," I heard the guide say. "No: there is no Saviour for the lost. Hell's night is followed by no day, and its sky knows no star. Him against whom heaven's gates are closed, they are closed forever."

Garrison was silent for some time; but at last he said, "Tell me who is in heaven: perhaps I may be able to find some old acquaintance yet."

"Well," said the guide, "Abram is here."

"I am glad to hear you say that," said Garrison; and his face was light with joy for the first time since he had

entered the place. "I am glad to hear that; for, of all the Presidents of the United States, the one I should like best to see is Abram Lincoln."

"Abram Lincoln!" said the guide: "that is not the man at all. There is no Abram Lincoln here. I mean Abraham, the father of the faithful, and the friend of God."

"What?" exclaimed Garrison: "you don't mean that slaveholding and slave-breeding old sinner, who turned his wife Hagar into the wilderness to perish?"

"Certainly I do. But that is not a proper way to speak of the ancient patriarch."

"But Abraham Lincoln was an infinitely better man than he."

"I dare say," was the guide's answer. "But admission to heaven depends upon fitness, not upon goodness. He that believeth is saved, not he that doeth. You may remember a beautiful couplet that the saints below sometimes sing:—

‘All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him.’

And another:—

‘Lay your deadly doing down,  
Down at Jesus' feet.’

There are persons here whose relationship the Devil would blush to acknowledge, but who, by faith in Jesus at the last hour, nay, the last moment, have been dipped in the blood-cleansing fountain, and obtained an entrance through the pearly gates. Isaac and Jacob are here, Moses and Samson, Samuel and David, Solomon and Jehu, Constantine the Great and Henry the Eighth, Calvin who mur-

dered Servetus, Bloody Mary who burnt the Protestants, and equally Bloody Elizabeth who burnt the Catholics. They were admitted, not because their lives were patterns of perfection, but because they exercised saving faith in a Redeemer to come, or One who had come and prepared mansions for all who should trust in him to the utmost."

"If those only come to heaven," said Garrison, "who have saving faith in Jesus, your company must be very small, compared with the mass of mankind. Are these all that are allowed to enter heaven?"

"Certainly not," replied the guide: "you forget! all the babies come to heaven."

"Oh, the babies!" said Garrison. "I had not thought of them."

"Yes: all the babies are in heaven," continued the guide. "They never sinned away their day of grace; they never chose the broad road to ruin; and Jesus washed away the original sin which they had contracted from Adam, their federal head. Thanks be to God, in his unspeakable mercy, all babies, even the children of heretics and the worst of sinners, are admitted to heaven."

But Garrison did not seem to join in this thanksgiving: he was in deep thought. "But where are their mothers?" said he.

"Well, some of them are here, — perhaps two or three out of a thousand."

"Where are the rest?" inquired Garrison.

"To tell you the truth," was the answer, "they are in that pit we were looking at a while ago."

"The poor babies!" I heard Garrison say in a tone of pity.

"Oh well!" said the guide, "our God takes care of the little ones."

“Yes,” said Garrison. “But God is a HE; only a father: no one can care for a little one like its mother. But you certainly have others in heaven. I see many grown persons here with very childish ways, but they are not babies.”

“Oh, I know whom you mean!” said the guide. “Those are the imbeciles, idiots, and persons generally of weak intellect. They never had intelligence enough to reject the Saviour, or to deny the Lord that bought them, and hence they are all here, of every nation and of all time; and you may therefore well imagine that idiots constitute a large proportion of our population.”

“It looks like that,” said Garrison. “And now I think of it, you must have some murderers,” he added. “I have seen several persons that look to me as if they must have been very vicious characters on earth.”

“That is true,” the guide replied. “We have a large proportion of murderers, in fact, nearly all the men and women that have been hung for murder in Christian lands. You know, when men are condemned to die, and all hope of earthly aid is gone, they naturally turn to the Friend of sinners, who can wash the vilest clean. They receive an application to their souls of the blood of Him who was hung for them; and thus, when the rope is placed around their necks, and the platform falls, they swing into the arms of the Saviour, who has said that whosoever cometh to him he will in no wise cast out.”

“Yes,” said Garrison. “I have heard of being ‘jerked to Jesus;’ but I never expected to see so many who had gone through the operation. It seems to me, after all, that you have very few here except those who are not worth damning.”

I thought the guide would certainly resent this: but he



bit his lip, and blandly replied, "It must be confessed that intellectual men, in the pride of their mental attainments, generally discard the simple plan of salvation, which is accepted readily by babes in knowledge, and those from whom all earthly hope has fled."

By this time they had arrived within a few miles of the throne; and I saw in my dream that the guide conducted him through the innumerable company, past the hundred and forty-four thousand, the elders, and the beasts, first providing him with a shade for his eyes, so that he could bear the dazzling glory that rayed from the throne. Back of the throne was a large tube with a trumpet-shaped mouth, immediately beneath the ear of Jehovah.

"You will find something there that will interest you," shouted the guide as he pointed to it, and indicated that Garrison should stand nearer to the mouth of the tube. At first it was like listening to the howl of a tempest.

"What can that be?" asked Garrison. "It is a more confused noise than that of all the performers and the beasts together."

"That," replied the guide, "is the prayer-tube, by which all the prayers of the world are conducted to heaven,—from the scream of a new-born babe in Christ to the bawling of a hoary revivalist."

I could see that Garrison was most intently listening; but it was long before he could distinguish any thing. At length, just as we distinguish in a band the music of any particular instrument, so I perceived that Garrison was able to distinguish the various petitions as they came up. There were prayers for rain, and prayers for fine weather, from the same district. The Roman Catholics were praying for money to build colleges, and establish schools; and Protestants, for money to send missionaries among the



Catholics, to turn them from the error of their ways. "O Lord, save thy ancient people the Jews, and lead them to see that Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life," came up from a pious Christian; and, from a Jewish rabbi, "O Lord, Jehovah, God of our fathers, turn thou the hearts of Christians back to thee, and show them the wickedness of walking after the impostor of Galilee." The cries of temperance people came up, "No rum;" and the cries of thirsty drunkards, "More whiskey." Ambitious officers were calling for war; and the voices of the benevolent could be heard imploring for peace. Old maids were praying for husbands, husbands for the death of their termagant wives, and wives, in their turn, for the conversion of their drunken, tobacco-fuddled husbands. "Moderate the weather, O God, I beseech thee," prayed a broken-hearted widow, "or my little ones will perish, for I have no money to buy fuel." — "Give us a cold, bitter winter," came up from many a colliery district, "that coal may rise in price, the miners be well paid, and our families saved from want." — "Give us dry weather, that I may save my tobacco," prayed a Connecticut farmer: "it is all that I have to depend upon for the support of my family." — "God blast the tobacco, wherever it grows," cried an iconoclastic reformer, "and let this devil's weed go to the only fit place for it, where the smoke ascendeth forever." One prayer in a million or so received some attention; but the rest passed off like extra steam from the safety-valve of a locomotive. As they stood there, "God give us Grant for President," came out in thunder-tones; "he alone can save us from anarchy, and a worse than French revolution;" and then, "God save us from a third term; for it means death to our republic, an aristocracy, like that of England, feeding on the vitals of the nation, and a

peasantry, like that of Ireland, forever on the verge of famine." — "Make bare thine arm, O Lord!"

"That," said Garrison, "must be from some Methodist prayer-meeting; for most of the Methodists seem to think that God is a kind of big, burly brother, who will fight their battles if they can only induce him to strip for the encounter."

"Come down, O God, and get thyself a great name." When this came out, Garrison could not help smiling, and the guide laughed outright.

"Now, where do you suppose that comes from?" asked the guide. And, without waiting for a reply, he said, "I will show you;" and touching Garrison's eyes, they followed a line, which in my dream mine also followed, down to earth, that led to the speaker, who was in a small meeting-house in a Kansas village.

"The idea of our God going down there to get a great name!" said the guide with an ill-disguised sneer.

They now walked about very near the throne, looking at the singers and players, and examining the instruments.

"Who is that red-faced old man," inquired Garrison, "with a crown on his head, and a long white beard, who plays on an exceedingly tall harp, with a great deal of spirit and admirable skill?"

I was not surprised to hear the reply. "That is King David. He may well be a good player: he was not a poor performer when he came here, and he has been playing ever since, — now nearly three thousand years."

Near him was a brawny fellow, realizing my idea of a giant, who was beating an enormous drum. He wore for a breastpin a large golden jaw-bone; and, what was still more remarkable, the drumsticks were also in the shape of jaw-bones, and with these he was lustily beating time

to the music of the "sweet singer of Israel." This I found was Samson, who did more with a jaw-bone than any other man could have done with a Winchester rifle.

In the same neighborhood were Rahab the harlot, who allowed the people of her city to be butchered, and never gave a word of warning; Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, who with hammer and nail smote the confiding Sisera; Judith, who cut off the head of Holofernes; Bathsheba the adulteress; and the much married Solomon, her son. These were in fact, I learned, among the chief aristocracy of the celestial circles.

"Well," said Garrison, in a more cheerful tone than I had heard before since he entered, "if I am going to remain here, there are several questions that I should like to ask you about the place and people. In the first place, I should like to know why you have gates and walls here. Walls and gates are either to keep evil-doers out, or to keep evil-doers in: now, which is it in this case?"

"You act the most strangely," said the guide, "make the oddest remarks, and ask the most singular questions, of any man that I ever accompanied around here. But Peter told me to give you any information you might desire; and if he has no objection, I do not see that I ought to have any. Well, you may know that we once had a war here. You had a war in the United States: but yours was only a drop; ours, an almost infinite ocean. The arch-rebel, as you may have heard, was overcome, cast down into the fiery abyss, and then the walls were erected, and the gates placed."

"Are you, then, afraid," inquired Garrison, "that Satan will force an entrance into heaven?"

"I can hardly say that," was the answer; "but it is best to be prepared for the worst. The population of hell

is very much greater than that of heaven. Beelzebub gets ten to our one, and I must say many of them are people of courage and genius. He receives no children, no idiots, no people of weak intellect. A man must have some knowledge to sin, and to be a great sinner requires considerable ability. As a consequence of this, the strength of our enemy increases with fearful rapidity; and if we should have another war here (which is not impossible), with an enemy within, and this terrible enemy without, the result might be disastrous."

Garrison's face beamed with delight as he heard this confession.

"I do not know," added the guide, "but that in self-protection we may be obliged to be less stringent about admitting souls here; and your presence is, perhaps, some evidence that we are commencing to make such a change."

"I should like to inquire where the women are," said Garrison: "I do not see nearly as many as I supposed I should."

"This is a very large place," was the guide's reply, "and you have not begun to see what is here yet. You must remember, our city is fifteen hundred miles long, fifteen hundred miles wide, and fifteen hundred miles high: it contains millions of mansions, and billions of rooms. There are more children here than persons of any other class, (half the children, even in civilized countries, die before they are ten years of age), and since there is no growth here, for you know 'as the tree falls so it lies,' we have thousands of millions of babies, which require the attention of a great many women, millions of whom, and especially maiden women, are thus constantly employed. Having no husbands to serve on earth, they served the Lord; and when they had money they generally

left it to his cause ; and heaven opens wide its portals to them. Here they can gratify their love of music and their love of children. Many of them pass alternately from the nursery to the public choir.”

“Doubtless many of the maiden ladies marry after they get here,” remarked Garrison.

“Oh, no!” said the guide, “nothing of that kind. You know Jesus said, ‘In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage.’ There are so many women here, and so few men, that, if some could marry, the rest would be dissatisfied, and we should have a hell set up in heaven : little unpleasantnesses occur, even, as it is.”

“Another question,” said Garrison. “I admired the magnificent gate at the entrance of heaven ; and what I want to know is, where the pearls are obtained of which the gates of heaven are made.”

“The pearls of which the gates are made, are obtained from oysters which we find in the Sea of Glass. We call it the Sea of Glass, because its surface is forever unruffled. With light forever shining, the oysters grow to a size of which you can form but little conception. Some of the largest are as much as a mile long, and have shells from ten to twenty feet thick. When we wish to open one, we erect large machines upon the shore, and watching a convenient opportunity, when the animal opens its shell, we apply strong steel hooks which are attached to wire cables, and by continuous strain break the hinge, and open the shell ; and our divers bring to the surface the pearly treasures, which our artificers manufacture into tables, chairs, thrones for our many kings, ornaments for harps, and apply to various other uses. The empty shells are polished on the exterior, and made into pleasure-boats, in which the saints make daily excursions on the Sea of

Glass. It was a boat of that kind in which we came over."

"Oysters of that size," remarked Garrison, "must contain a great deal of meat. Do you make any use of that?"

"Of course we make use of it, as you will see when you take your meals."

"What! do you take meals here?"

"Why, certainly," was the answer. "Do you suppose that these people can sing and play forever without rest or food? There are three relays of singers and players; each being on duty about eight hours at a time, and without a moment's intermission. If they were to cease singing, chanting, or playing, even for an instant, it might be very unpleasant; for when the wind blows in a certain direction we should hear the howl of the damned with too great distinctness for some of our fastidious people. Of course, when one relay exchanges with the next, the singers are hungry as wolves, and are ready for a meal which is provided for them in the celestial restaurants Oyster-stews, such as you never dreamed of on earth delight the papillary nerves of the redeemed. For desert, fruit of the Tree of Life, and wine of the Kingdom, are abundantly provided, after which the performers recreate for eight hours, sleep for eight hours, and are ready for duty again."

"But I cannot see how you obtain fuel to cook for such a multitude," said Garrison.

"Well, we do not go far for fuel, I can assure you," was the reply. "Hell, the hottest of all places, is but a short distance from here; and we utilize its heat in a way that would interest you. We have golden pipes, that cannot be destroyed by the sulphurous fumes, which convey

heat from the lower part of hell, returning at a higher level; and these supply our kitchens with all the heat that is necessary for culinary purposes. You have read in the Scriptures that God makes the wrath of man to praise him, and this is one way in which he accomplishes it. The wrath of man renders the fires of hell necessary, and by the heat of hell the meals are cooked for the saints who praise the Lord forever."

"But in winter you must be uncomfortable here in the open air."

"There is no winter here." Said the guide, "the heat of hell tempers the climate so delightfully, we have everlasting spring, and flowers bloom continually. You have probably read those charming verses of the Christian poet, —

"There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers."

That writer did not know, of course, that the heat of hell gives us this everlasting spring; yet such is the fact."

"I should think that the saints who are on duty at night would not be so well satisfied."

"But my dear fellow," said the guide, "there is no night here: the glory of God gives us everlasting day."

"But even that," replied Garrison, "cannot be very pleasant when a person wishes to sleep."

"We can readily make artificial night," he said. "You have noticed that the houses of our city are of immense height; and the walls of the lower stories are of enormous thickness, to bear the superincumbent weight. We have, therefore, connected with all our mansions, dark lower rooms, where one can sleep with great comfort; for with non-conducting shutters we can keep out both the songs



of heaven and the wailings of hell, and sleep in the greatest peace.”

“Where do these harps come from on which the people are playing?” inquired Garrison.

“I will show you some day. We have a grand harp-factory, in which many thousands of hands are constantly employed. A great many harps are broken: millions are worn out by continual fingering. We melt up the gold attached to them, cast them over, refit them with new strings, and they are then ready for service again.”

“Then you have various employments in heaven.”

“Certainly,” said the guide. “How otherwise could we supply the needs of such a city as ours? I find many saints come here with very crude ideas of the actual condition of affairs. All are not employed in making music. We have many employments. Miners are constantly at work digging up gold. To keep our streets in good condition requires not a little. Cooks are preparing meals. Tailors and dressmakers are fashioning clothes, and washers renewing them. These robes so white are not made so without labor; and, although you read that the robes are made white in the blood of the Lamb, the blood, as you may well suppose, does but a small part of the work. Then we have a great many jewellers, who are making crowns; for we have a great many kings in heaven, though there is little to indicate it beyond the crowns they wear. A good deal of earthly pride clings to some of the saints, and they will have the crowns. If you like, I will take you to the crown-room, and show you some that we have on hand.”

So he took him into a large room, where there were many crowns prepared for those who were considered worthy to wear them. It fairly blazed with the light reflected from the crowns and their jewels.

“This is a babyish kind of business,” said Garrison.

“I dare say it seems so to you,” said the guide, “and I have no great fancy for it myself; but the fact is, we have a vast number of babyish people in heaven, and they must be gratified.”

At this instant a ringing clatter in the direction of the throne broke upon the music-laden air in painful discord. As Garrison turned to ascertain the cause, I also turned; and, behold, the seats of the twenty-four elders were empty, and the elders themselves were down on the golden pavement, scrambling for the scattered jewels of their twenty-four golden crowns, which they stately throw down in response to the cry of the beasts. When Garrison beheld this scene, and remembered, that, according to the statement of the Revelator,<sup>1</sup> this performance has been repeated, day and night, through unnumbered ages, he said excitedly, —

“‘Babyish’ indeed! Such conduct is inexpressibly puerile! But is there never any quiet in heaven? Much of this noise appears to be made for no other purpose than to keep up a continual, senseless racket. I am certain I can never learn to like it.”

“Oh! you bear it very well,” said the guide, “for a person of your age and habits. It will not be likely to annoy you after you once become accustomed to it.”

Garrison smiled incredulously; but, turning again to the crowns, he said, —

“Some of these crowns are destitute of jewels, and others are adorned with vast numbers: what is the meaning of this?”

“The jewels,” said the guide, “are the souls they have saved, — for every soul a jewel; and the great re-

<sup>1</sup> Rev. iv. 8-10.

vivalists, as you probably have conjectured, will be the ones to wear these blazing crowns. This [taking up a peculiar one] is the crown we have prepared for Moody the evangelist, whom you have no doubt seen."

The crown was in the shape of a steeple, and was studded all over with very fine jewels.

"What!" said Garrison, "has that man a crown? Why, a crown would be as much out of place on that man's head as a fashionable bonnet on the head of a monkey! I do not doubt that the man is honest enough; but he is wofully ignorant, and as superstitious as a Yeboo negro."

"True," said the guide, "as far as science and worldly knowledge are concerned. But he is wise enough to win souls; and that is the most important of all knowledge, or, at all events, that is what counts here."

"But how do you know the number of jewels to put in his crown, since he is not dead yet?"

"I will tell you. You have a Probabilities, who can tell the weather forty-eight hours beforehand. We have men who can tell, not what is probable, but what is certain, years beforehand. We do not call them Probabilities, therefore, but Certainties. They know just how many souls each person will convert. Orders can thus be given to the jewellers, and the crowns be provided that the soul-savers are to wear."

"But I should think the jewellers would put larger gems into some of the crowns," remarked Garrison. "There is Moody's crown, for instance, in which the jewels are as fine as sand-grains. If some of them were of large size, the crown would look much better."

"True," was the reply again; "but the size of the jewel is proportioned to the size of the soul that is saved.

Nearly all the souls that are saved through Moody's preaching are small, and the gems in his crown are small as a consequence. He has scarcely any influence, as you may know, with men and women of enlarged minds and sound judgment. Such persons seem to imagine, that because his preaching is foolish, and his conclusions unreasonable, they do right to reject them. But you know the apostle said, 'It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.'<sup>1</sup> And the more foolish and unreasonable the preaching, the more sure the salvation. For the faith that can accept such preaching without question of its Divine authority can laugh at all impossibilities with the greatest ease."

For the first time I now saw Garrison turn toward the guide a searching glance, as if he would learn what manner of spirit animated the being before him; but the countenance of that dignitary was as serene as the surface of the Sea of Glass, and almost as expressionless: so Garrison merely remarked,—

"Now that I am here among the crowns, let me inquire if you have a crown for Joseph Cook."

"Certainly! I can show it to you," the guide answered; and as he spoke he took down an immense affair: it was nearly as large as a bushel basket.

"What a size!" exclaimed Garrison. "Why did you make it so large?"

"Nothing smaller would satisfy Flavius Josephus Cook," the guide said.

The crown, however, was destitute of all jewels; and in my dream I wondered at this, and was glad to hear the guide say to Garrison, "I see you wonder because there are no stars in this crown; for they would add much to its

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. i. 21.

beauty. I told you a while ago, that, for every soul saved, a jewel was placed in the crown of the saver : it is equally true, that, for every soul lost in consequence of any action on the part of a crown-wearer, a jewel is taken from his crown. Our Certainties tell us that Cook, before his death, by dabbling in Spiritualism and science, will cause the damnation of quite as many as he will save ; and, therefore, in spite of his tremendous physical efforts, which would weary any gymnast, and his mental acrobatic performances, which the Apostle to the Gentiles never began to equal, he must forever wear a starless crown."

"Now I think of it," said Garrison, "I should like to see Talmadge's crown ; for I suppose he will have one." To my great surprise, the guide stammered, and absolutely blushed, as he said, —

"Well, the fact of the case is, Talmadge is a clerical comet ; and our Certainties have not yet calculated the whole of his orbit. Isaiah worked at him for some time, assisted by Sir Isaac Newton, who is connected with that department ; but they find him a particularly hard case. It seemed at one time as if he would have a crown as full of stars as the milky way ; but it is a question now whether he will ever wear a crown here at all. My private opinion is, that, if he even gets an entrance here, it will be by the skin of his teeth."

By this time both Garrison and the guide began to feel the need of food ; for, with the exception of a little fruit and water, they had not eaten any thing for several hours. The guide now conducted him down a kind of Broadway, called Paradise Street, till they came to a magnificent eating-establishment, where there were tables set for at least ten thousand.

"This," said the guide, "is one of the singers' restaurants, where we can find something good, I dare say."

When they entered this saloon, I saw the guide glance proudly around the gorgeously appointed apartment, and then at Garrison, as if expecting to see him enchanted by its glittering glories. But the dazzling splendors of the place did not seem to surprise him in the least; and I conjectured that his mind was too much occupied by the terrible scenes he had so lately witnessed, even to notice them. I soon found this to be the case; for as they passed into one of the long, broad aisles, he said to the guide, though his eyes were scarcely lifted from the pavement at his feet, —

“What is the name of that mountain in the distance, that seems to rise directly out of yonder place of agony?”

“That is no mountain,” the guide answered. “It is the chimney of hell, or, as John the Revelator of your earth called it, ‘the bottomless pit.’”

“The chimney of hell!” responded Garrison, as if the thought were entirely new to him. “But why did you build it so high?” he inquired.

“Oh! it is none too high, I assure you,” was the answer. “The upper windows of our mansions are at a great height, as you must see; and the heavy smoke and gases from ‘the lake of everlasting burning’ sometimes settle very near to them even now. But heaven itself would be intolerable, were those offensive vapors to enter and defile it; and it would be impossible to prevent this, were they not carried to a great distance.”

“I suppose you are right,” Garrison said thoughtfully. “But what an enormous structure! Do you know its exact dimensions?”

“Its height above the surface of the lake of fire and brimstone,” the guide answered, “is five thousand miles; and our celestial architects assure us that it extends just



twice as far, or ten thousand miles below the surface of that lake. It is divided into sections of one hundred miles each; and the space enclosed by every section is a perfect cube, or is one hundred miles long, one hundred miles broad, and one hundred miles deep."

"Why should it extend below the surface?" Garrison asked.

"Because being bottomless, that is, having no foundation in fact, it could not otherwise support the enormous height," was the reply.

Garrison did not appear to notice the peculiar emphasis in which this answer was given, nor the particular point which the answer contained; and as they took their seats at one of the thousand tables that reflected overhanging vines and flowers, until the very tables themselves appeared to be beds of immortal bloom, he said, —

"John the Revelator called the bottomless pit a prison. I suppose he must have been mistaken."

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "It is called by various names, because its several sections are used for various purposes. The prison, for instance, was the section in which Satan was confined, as you will remember, bound hand and foot, for a thousand years. A prison indeed, to him, poor fellow! But you may also remember, that, even in the Revelator's time, Apollyon had rendered the upper section famous by his wonderful success in the propagation of locusts. You would be surprised to see the great number of varieties he has succeeded in establishing. It was because of his great success in this department that they made him king over these insects. Some of the earlier forms produced under his management are very well described by the Divine Novelist.<sup>1</sup> But that was only the beginning. He has de-

<sup>1</sup> Rev. ix. 1-11.



veloped some surprising results since then. Especially since he has taken advantage of Darwin's discoveries in natural selection, these results have been most astonishing. I believe he has never exhibited any of these insects on your earth since the time of which the Revelator wrote. He did not find it very profitable at that time. Very few of the people seemed to appreciate his labors. Many of them appeared to have a superstitious fear of the poor creatures, and would not attend his exhibitions. Beside that, several of the finer specimens escaped altogether; and he was never able to recapture them, or to procure their return. It is said, however, by some of the saints who have come here more recently from that planet, that the people there are at present much better prepared to appreciate such labors than they were in the days of John. Should Apollyon find this report to be correct, he may conclude to give other exhibitions there, as the Revelator advertised: otherwise he probably will not attempt it again.''

While they still sat waiting for the meal the guide had ordered, Garrison picked up a paper that lay on the crystal table, and I took the opportunity to examine it as he turned over its pages. I saw that it was "The Celestial Gazette," having a circulation of a trillion copies. Moses was the editor, assisted by Job, who doubtless found in that kind of work an excellent opportunity for the exercise of all his patience. Among the contributors I found there were many persons whose names are well known in the orthodox world. As usual, John the Revelator furnished the continuous romance, and Jonah had charge of the natural history department. There were songs by Solomon, hymns by Dr. Watts, poems by Cowper; and Pollok was running through its pages a poem entitled

“The Course of Eternity.” The items referring to our planet interested me most. This was one:—

“INGERSOLL.

Ingersoll continues his heaven-defying lectures, and what is most interesting to him, and most disastrous to us, he makes them pay; but we are preparing a mansion for him, compared with which hell itself will be heaven. Every soul lost through his instrumentality will be a fiery brand to scorch him; and when he lectures there, his jokes will be lost in the howls of the damned that will forever writhe in agony around him.”

Boston was noticed in an article headed,

“WORSE THAN SODOM.

Boston continues as fearless of hell, and defiant of heaven, as it was in the days of Parker: nay, it is more so. The sabbath is constantly desecrated by museums, libraries, and concerts. An infidel temple has been erected; and where once there was one Parker, there are now a hundred, either preaching damnable heresies, or preparing to preach them. Our servants are laboring, some of them frantically laboring, but with as little effect upon infidels as St. Anthony's preaching had upon the fishes; and nothing short of an earthquake that shall swallow it up will stay its hellward career. How long, O Lord, how long?”

Another singular item was about

“BEECHER.

Beecher, that hoary old infidel and hypocrite, still continues to drive Plymouth Church to destruction, as fast as the wheels of the coach, and the condition of the roads,

will permit. The worst is, that thousands of other drivers, seeing him ahead, think the road must lead to heaven; and, with cracking whips and loud cries, they are driving after him, laden with precious souls who are being hurried to their doom."

A little farther on I read, —

#### “THE END OF THE WORLD

draws near, and the saints will soon behold a glorious spectacle. A few months will see the sun grow dark, the moon turn to blood, and the stars, like worm-eaten apples, drop to the earth. The gospel has been preached for a witness in all nations. The number of the elect is nearly made up; the cup of iniquity is full to the brim; the trumpet is now ready, and Gabriel is practising for that blast, which the dead, and even the dead dissolved to dust, shall hear.

“Among ‘the signs of the times’ which indicate the near approach of that great day, one of the most important to us is the suicidal efforts of the saints on earth to,

#### “CORRECT THE WORD OF GOD.

Without question, this is the most disastrous movement that our forces on that planet have ever made. The picture is indeed appalling. The fact that infidelity, with unblushing front, charges fraud and falsehood in the production of that sacred volume, renders this an effort unparalleled in any other age. With their lips the saints deny the truth of these charges; but they convict themselves of falsehood by this endeavor to rectify its mistakes and to improve its teachings. If the occupant of yonder throne shall permit this cowardly confession of weakness and crime on the part of his saints on earth,

he must expect to see his army in heaven disheartened. That Beelzebub will be greatly encouraged thereby, if not actually re-enforced by thousands of troops from our own ranks, there cannot be a reasonable doubt. Is Jehovah indifferent to results like these, that he permits this work of madness? The saints complain that they are being driven to this extremity by the mercilessness of what is termed on earth 'modern criticism.' Why does not God confound the language of the modern critics, as he confounded the speech of the builders at the Tower of Babel? One by one, through many ages, we have seen his promises fail: nevertheless we trusted, that, for his own name's sake, he would prevent any further profanation of 'the Record of His Will.' Why does he not veil the sun and moon in sackcloth as an evidence of his displeasure? Again and again, in previous issues of this journal, we have pointed out to him the necessity for immediate action, if he would preserve untarnished the ancient glory of his name. Is it through the infirmities of age, or the fear of defeat, or the love of ease, that he thus hesitates?

#### “THE WORK OF REVISION

is now nearing completion, and as yet no note of warning has been sounded from these shores. How unlike his methods of the earlier times! Well do we remember the frightful plagues under which Egypt groaned by reason of his displeasure with her king. How triumphantly, in those days, did he work his will on the earth with famine and pestilence, fire and sword! And how frequently he went down there to look after the interests of his kingdom, appearing to his saints in their dreams and visions, and showing them signs and wonders! But the change since then is evident to us all. What has produced it?

Through many generations, with painful solicitude, we have marked the fading glory of his greatness, the steady loosening of the reins of his authority, the gradual failure of his faculties, the certain indications of slow but sure decay. We repeat, the change is evident. And again we ask,

“WHAT HAS PRODUCED IT?”

“In the very dust of humiliation, and with inexpressible sorrow of soul, we charge this change to the demoralizing influence of that one hour of guilty dalliance with the mother of his earth-born son.

“It is said, ‘Even a God may not reverse a God’s decree.’ Could, then, Jehovah commit that nameless crime with one of his own daughters, and remain guiltless? One fact will suffice for answer. From that sin-stained hour to the present, he has never set himself to the accomplishment of any great purpose, either on earth or in heaven. Verily, to him, as to all others, ‘the wages of sin is — DEATH.’

“We make these charges with a penetrating sense of the responsibility we thereby assume, and keenly conscious of the sufferings to which, in all probability, we subject ourselves by so doing. But too long already we have sacrificed our self-respect to the customary obsequiousness of these realms; and we are now resolved, whatever the personal risk, henceforth and forever to be governed solely by our own convictions of truth and justice. In accordance with this resolve, we ask,

“BY WHAT RIGHT,

human or divine, did he violate his own laws, and dishonor that young Jewish maiden? Did He forget the commandments he himself gave us, amid thunderings and

lightnings and voices, on the mountain of Sinai? What can he answer?" —

While I was reading the above fearless criticism, I heard Garrison exclaim,—

"Heaven is everywhere a surprise to me. Who is Moses, the editor of this 'Gazette'?"

"Why, the man who led the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt, to be sure!" the guide answered.

"I should like to see him. This is the first manifestation of a noble and manly independence that I have seen since I came here," Garrison said with evident emotion.

"Hush, hush!" the guide whispered, scarcely above his breath; and, drawing his chair very near to Garrison's, he continued, "You have been reading those allegations against Jehovah, I suppose."

"I have," said Garrison; "and I am anxious to see how he will meet them."

"We must be careful how we speak of Moses now and here," the guide said in the same voiceless whisper. "You cannot see him now, nor would you wish to do so if you could;" and I noticed that his face wore a sorrowful expression, while his whole manner had suddenly become full of seriousness.

"You speak in riddles," said Garrison. "What is it?"

"Peter's command at the gate was to give you any information you may desire," was the answer; "but, indeed, you must not repeat this story without his especial permission."

"I have seen no one here to whom I shall be likely to speak in confidence," Garrison answered.

"You will understand, then," resumed the guide, "that this Moses commenced the publication of 'The Celestial

Gazette' about four thousand years ago. It may be a little longer ago than that (there is some dispute about the date, I believe); but that does not matter. Of course, at the beginning it was very far from being what it is now. But it has at all times been noted for its fearless advocacy of exact justice, even to giving up an eye for an eye, or a tooth for a tooth, in order to satisfy every just demand. This advocacy has drawn to his side a very strong and substantial party, and one on which he can count with a great deal of certainty.

“But Moses came here believing in *one*, and only *one*, ‘True God;’ and it is no secret among the older inhabitants of heaven, that he bitterly opposed the proposition of Jehovah to share the honors of His throne and court with another, and especially with an earth-born son: in short, it is said that he denounced the whole transaction as essentially heathenish. After its accomplishment, however, the circumstance never drew from him the slightest recognition, either in ‘The Gazette’ or elsewhere, until the appearance of those charges in the issue of this morning.

“It has often been remarked here, that Moses’ manner toward both the maiden mother and her son was marked by a tenderness as touching as that of a parent for a beloved child. For this reason, it was thought by many that he regarded the rejection of the son by the Jewish nation as a great crime. But who could have imagined, as is now evident, that it was because he held Jehovah guilty of crime in the matter of his intercourse with the mother?

“As might have been expected, those allegations, preferred in that serious and unequivocal manner, have created a profound sensation here. Yet it is probable, that



by far the greater number of his subscribers, and perhaps many other spirits, share, in large measure, the same sentiments. Indeed, it is generally understood that the disaffected element has been greatly on the increase during several centuries past; and, had not Moses been hurried off before his friends became aware of the intention to take him, I dare say there would have been another great war here. It is feared there may be trouble now, when his sentence shall become generally known."

"What was his sentence?" Garrison asked.

"7,777,777 years on the wall of hell. Seven sacred sevens, you will observe," was the reply; and I noticed that a very peculiar expression spread over the face of the guide as he said it.

"That is a terrible sentence, if I may judge of the place by the sights I have seen to-day," said Garrison. "What can he do there?"

"The place is all that the sights you have seen to-day indicate, I assure you," the guide said. "And his business, like that of all who receive a like sentence, is to stand on that wall day and night, and, with machinery provided for the purpose, to raise, and swing over the wall into that infernal pit, the enormous blocks of brimstone as they arrive there from Brimstone Quarry. If it were not for this constant supply of fresh fuel, the fires of hell would eventually burn out, and the place would cool off. In that case, hell would become

'A land of pure delight,'

as heaven now is; and the bad spirits would be redeemed from that life of agony."

Here, again, I saw Garrison look up at the guide with the same expression of half surprise and half inquiry that

I had once before noticed. He evidently sought in the expression of the guide's countenance a solution of the problem regarding his true character, which his remarks had more than once suggested. But again he could discover only that peculiar look of innocence which betrays nothing of the life within, and he said reflectively, —

“It would require a very large force of human beings to supply such a gulf as that with burning brimstone. Are there many spirits employed there?”

“The number employed is 7,777,777; and they must work night and day during the term for which they are sentenced,” the guide said.

“Seven shameful sevens again!” said Garrison with compressed lips, no longer able to disguise his indignation, either by look or word.

Without heeding the interruption, the guide continued,—

“The number is never lessened, and never increased. Whenever a new offender is sent there, some one whose term has already expired is released; but no one is ever permitted to leave until another is sent to take his place.

“This is the most fearful form of punishment that heaven can inflict this side of hell itself. On that wall the smoke and heat are scarcely less terrible than is the fiery flood below: indeed, the blocks of brimstone often melt, and run in streams, besmearing all in contact with them with liquid heat, long before the wall is reached. The difference in favor of this punishment, as compared with hell itself, is, that even all these years must some time pass away; and, should there be no renewal of the sentence, he can then bathe again in the fountain of blood, and joyfully retrace his steps back to the throne of God.”

“Only to be sent there again, I suppose, if he should again dare to speak or print what he believes,” Garrison said with indignant emphasis.

“It will never do to speak what we believe here, unless we can believe as the ruling class directs,” the guide remarked.

“The ruling class? Does not the Almighty rule here?” asked Garrison.

“Formerly I dare say he did. He does little now, however, as you must have observed, but listen to the prayers and praises of the saints; while for nearly two thousand years the priests from your earth have had things pretty much their own way,” was the reply.

“That accounts for it! That accounts for it!” exclaimed Garrison, a new light, as if the problem were at last solved for him, breaking over his countenance. “I can understand it all now. Ah! a priest is a priest, find him when and where you will.”

“Yes,” was the reply, “whether on earth or in heaven, his aspirations and his schemes have the same general character, and are directed to the same selfish ends.”

By this time they had finished their meal; and the guide said, resuming at the same time his less serious manner, “Now I will show you the room that has been provided for you: it is in the four hundred and forty thousandth story.” Seeing Garrison stand aghast, he added, “There is a magnificent view, and we can take you up in our lightning elevator, quick as a flash.” Up they went, and the guide showed him the prospect. It was indeed delightful. In the distance lay the Delectable Mountains, with verdant forests clothing their sides: lakes innumerable reflected the dazzling divine light which forever rayed from Him that sat on the throne, the sun of heaven.

“Here,” said the guide, “you can enjoy yourself, and take solid comfort. When you feel like it, you can come

down and hear the music, or join the band, and you will find good meals on Paradise Street, where we were: don't forget the number, 90,000,871." But I saw that this was not at all in accordance with Garrison's plans.

"Cannot I have a room on the ground-floor?" he inquired.

"I suppose you can," was the guide's reply; "but this is vastly preferable to any room there."

"It may be," said Garrison; "but I should greatly prefer to be below."

Eventually he secured a room in the south-east corner of heaven, as near to hell as he could possibly get.

"I cannot imagine why you should fancy this," was the remark of the guide as soon as they got in. "It is really the least comfortable room in the whole place, and when your windows are open, and the wind blows this way, you will wish yourself somewhere else. But every saint to his liking!" And away went the guide. As soon as he was fairly out of hearing, I said, —

"Garrison!" laying at the same time my hand upon his shoulder. He instantly turned, and exclaimed, —

"What! Denton, you here?" And, seizing my hand, he said, "I am glad to see you: I want your help."

"Help for what?" I asked.

"I will show you," he said. "I find we are needed here vastly more than on earth. I am going to start an underground railroad, and run in every soul from that infernal pit, and you must help me. **WE MUST EMPTY HELL, AND REFORM HEAVEN — AND WE WILL DO IT.**"











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